

The Standard-Examiner Sunday Feature Section

Said It With Pictures, and Won the Gates Heiress



Novel Courtship by Which the Village Undertaker's Son Outdistanced His Rich, Fashionable Rivals and Carried Off Pretty Dellora Angell With Her \$40,000,000

One of the daily pen-and-ink sketches with which Lester Norris is said to have pursued Dellora Angell wherever she went for nearly a year and which finally won her heart

"SAY it with flowers," "Say it with candy," "Say it with diamonds," "Say it with hugs and kisses"—the ways of wooing a maid are almost as numerous as the wooers themselves.

And now to the long list of methods from which a young man may choose when he sets out to win a wife is added still another and very surprising one—"Say it with pictures."

Unfortunately this method is limited to young men possessed of ability to draw or paint. You can't make love in this artistic way unless you have considerable talent concealed about you and are able to express your heart's inmost feelings in eloquent lines or splashes of colors.

Anybody who has any doubts about its being possible to capture a pretty girl's heart by bombarding her with pictures showing in countless appealing ways how crazy some one is about her would better give careful heed to the recent experience of Lester Norris, a rising young Western cartoonist.

According to the stories Norris' friends are telling he won the heart of pretty Dellora Angell, niece of the late John W. Gates and heiress to his \$40,000,000 fortune, in just this way.

While numerous other suitors expressed their love for the headstrong and rather flirtatious Dellora in all the conventional ways, Lester Norris told her how he felt in pictures. Clever little pen and ink sketches into which the young artist put all his love's fervor, pictures that portrayed the depths of despair into which he would be plunged if she married some one else—these are said to have been the basis of Norris' courtship and what won him, after months of persistent effort, the girl's promise to be his wife.

It was a great triumph for as novel a method of wooing as the history of romance can show, for nobody looked on Lester Norris as more than an "also ran" in the large field of suitors whom the beauty, youth and wealth of the "Bet-You-A-Million" Gates heiress had attracted. He was only a village undertaker's son with fame and fortune still to be won, and the men with whom he had to compete were almost without exception his superiors in a social, professional and financial way.

But as Norris realized when he first began to feel that Dellora Angell was the one girl for him he had one advantage over every other suitor—he had been a boyhood sweetheart of hers. Before he actually plunged into the hard fought race for her heart he discovered that in his talent he had still another advantage, one which might make him invincible, provided he had the courage to stake everything on it.

Lester Norris and Dellora Angell had been schoolmates together back in the little village of St. Charles, Ill. They were fond of each other and they planned, as boys and girls of that age often do, to be married some day. There seemed no reason why they shouldn't be, for nobody then had any idea that all the millions Dellora's Uncle John was piling up in his spectacular gambling ventures would some day pour into her lap.

As they walked to and from school Lester used to gratify his budding taste for picture making and express his admiration for Dellora by carving on the bark of trees pairs of hearts intertwined and pierced by arrows, and other childish love symbols. He never forgot how her eyes sparkled and her dimpled cheeks glowed with pride as she watched his deft work, and this memory is said to have furnished the inspiration that finally won her.

But when the youthful sweethearts drifted apart, he to art school and she to a fashionable boarding school, their romance seemed to be ended. Letters between them passed less and less frequently; finally stopped entirely.

Then came the death of John W. Gates and the news that he had left to his niece all his dawning millions. This seemed to make the gulf that had widened between the two quite im-

Miss Dellora Angell, the charming young heroine of this surprising "Say It With Pictures" romance

passable. Memories of what might have been and the slender satisfaction of saying "I knew her when" were apparently all that was left for Lester Norris.

Fate, however, thought otherwise. A visit to their old home town brought the schoolday sweethearts together again, and when Lester Norris saw what a charming young woman she had become his heart began to behave the way a young man's does when he faces the girl without whom he doesn't want to live.

But how could he hope to win her now that she was one of America's richest women and he only a struggling cartoonist? It was indeed a discouraging prospect.

To join the army of suitors that followed her over America and Europe was out of the question. Neither could he hope to see her frequently at dances and other social functions as the society millionaires were all the time doing. His only chance of winning her love seemed to lie in letter writing, and when suitors were swarming about this little heiress like flies around a honeycomb he knew this was a slim one.

At last he had what proved the luckiest of ideas. Why not make the luckiest of which he earned his living win

him this love prize? He recalled how enthusiastic Dellora had been over his boyish efforts on the St. Charles tree trunks. If he could only strike that same chord in her heart again!

He resolved to try—to stake everything on this novel method of love-making. While other men wooed Dellora with expensive gifts and courtly attentions, with honeyed words and caressing smiles, he would woo her with pictures—pictures that would unfold all his heart's secrets and keep him continually before her while he toiled and she idled in luxury, miles apart.

This is how it happened that one morning Dellora Angell, yawningly surveying the mail her maid brought in before she was out of bed, spied a large flat envelope that stirred her curiosity. The handwriting on it, moreover, looked strangely familiar.

The envelope contained no letter, but simply a pen and ink picture of a small boy attempting to scale a mountain of gold in an effort to reach a little girl perched on the summit. The mountain was slippery, but the boy clung bravely to its side with the help of a dis-



The happy lovers, Miss Angell and Lester Norris, who were drawn together by the pictures he drew with his clever and persistent pen

toonist!!! Had he really done something desperate, as the last picture hinted? Dellora hated to admit how worried she was, so she wired him an invitation to a house party she was giving.

Lester Norris is said to have smiled when he received this telegram. His plan was working! He refused the invitation, but he resumed the mailing of his daily picture.

In the meanwhile, Dellora was kept busy with numerous adoring suitors. Most of them were young, all socially prominent, some had fortunes that almost equalled her own, and all were, oh, so attentive!

Rumors of her engagement to this one or that went around. Dellora had vaguely hinted at her requirements in the way of a husband, and the suitors had listened eagerly, hoping that they might fulfill at least a few of them.

There was a time when one of the suitors, Dr. Vantini, must have smiled rather confidently to himself.

Dellora had said that only doctors need apply for the position of husband. She said it was her ambition to endow a great hospital for the poor when she came into full possession of her big fortune at the age of twenty-one. She would build the hospital and would select a young physician or surgeon for her future husband to manage the institution.

Society was expectant. It looked forward to the engagement of the good looking Brazilian physician and the lovely heiress. Glowing pictures were painted of the wonderful philanthropic work that would follow their marriage.

But Dellora Angell proceeded to change her mind with womanlike rapidity. There was a fade-out of Dr. Vantini and for a time she seemed to be favoring C. Wilson Campbell, the wealthy oil promoter. Next it was Randolph Gibson Owsley, the Annapolis cadet, and after him a minister, and then a prominent lawyer.

Meanwhile the pictures from Lester Norris kept on coming. When Dellora's



The late John W. Gates, who left Dellora Angell his \$40,000,000 fortune

father heard about them he promptly took his daughter to Europe, in an effort to make her forget the undertaker's son and his talent for drawing. But the pictures still pursued her.

Somehow Lester Norris managed to find out just where the Angells were traveling through France, Italy and Spain, and wherever they went Dellora was followed by the pictures that now brought strange throbs to her heart.

No one has told exactly which picture it was that caused Dellora to decide in Lester Norris' favor, but perhaps it was one of an artist in his wretched garret drawing cartoons that were to make the whole world laugh, while his own heart was broken with the sorrow of a disappointed love.

At any rate Dellora returned to America tremendously in love with the young cartoonist. This time there was no fickle changing of her mind, and no opposition was capable of preventing her flinging herself into the arms of her artist lover.

Lester Norris' pictures had carried the day, and now every young man who aspires to win the heart of an heiress will wish he knew how to draw.